

The Critic and Good Literature

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A Word About Heine.

INSIGNIFICANT enough amid the shocks, clangor, and deafening reverberations of the life in this world is the noiseless fall of a single human eyelid. Sooner or later, however, the tired little curtain drops for the last time. Then, what one of all falling bodies is more anxiously watched, and what one may more profoundly affect the destiny of the race? Some twenty-five years have passed away since the artificially uplifted eyelid of Heinrich Heine's remaining eye fell for the last time over that clairvoyant orb of vision. In the mean time the world has been heir to the shocks innumerable of falling things, the hollowest and the solidest; yet it hastens to put away the fretting memories of much else, in order to image to itself with perennial freshness the falling of this one Heine eyelid, as though it marked an event of rare significance in the whole century; and innumerable other eyelids are now rising and falling, rising and falling, day and night, day and night, making all haste, before they shall fall for the last time, to imprison as much as possible of the Heine life-drama, which—too soon, alas!—was taken off the stage of action, not from any lack of audience, but in consequence of the slow extinguishing of lights in the play-house. And many rôles there were in this fragmentary Heine life-drama—definite and discordant rôles, yet repeatedly and most unexpectedly crossing and interrupting each other, so that how in God's wisdom they were ever brought together and blent into the history of one man's life, is utterly past our comprehending. Heine! clear mountain-lake of lyricism close to the stars of heaven, yet with seething undercurrents of Tartarean waters. Heine! nettle of the brown plain, stinging alike furiously the hands extended to water and the hands thrust forth to uproot. Heine! Prometheus Bound of the Mattress. Heine! phenomenon of incompatibilities; by birth a Jew, by baptism a Christian, by nature lying between the Old and the New Testament; having Germany as the land of nativity, France as the home of adoption; sceptical, yet blindly credulous; hating conservatives, yet attacking liberals; transition between the last efforts of theology, chivalry and feudalism, and the first efforts of science, commerce, and democracy; juncture between Teutonic readiness in amassing ideas and Gallic deftness and enthusiasm in applying ideas; brother to Aristophanes, Rabelais, Cervantes, Burns, Sterne, Richter, Swift, Voltaire, Byron, Béranger, Ariosto!

Manifold have been the difficulties encompassing the re-

ception of the Heine literature at the hands of the world: its disturbing originality, its ribald irreligiosity, its virulent attacks upon the monarchical and aristocratical constitution of political communities, its frankness unparalleled in contemporary literature and scarcely surpassed by the larger licence and more profligate taste of earlier days, its humorous and satirical characters—a quality which will always be resented by parts of the race who are conscious of their own dullness, and the scandalous facts of its author's private life. Much, indeed, sorely-affronted Germany—'the blonde beauty of the European beer-garden'—had to forgive, and, in what Mr. Arnold calls her immense, tolerant intellectualism, did forgive, although she still angrily averts her eyes from some of his pages. Read and admired in France most naturally his writings have ever been. They have powerfully affected the taste of the younger generation of poets in Italy. They are studied and are said to be imitated in Russia; and they have received recognition from Danes, Dutch, Swedes, Norwegians, Hungarians, Japanese and Malaysians. Somewhat peculiar has been the history of the Heine literature in England—that country 'where he would not be hanged in effigy, much less live in person'—that island which the sea would long ago have gulped down but for fear of being made horribly sick at the stomach! Carlyle, who, as we know, was the first to make a breach in the Anglican wall on the German side, and who, during so many years, stood outside this breach and passed in to his countrymen with generous letters of credit so many notabilities of the Fatherland, did not furnish any flattering letter of introduction to the young Heine—probably for the reason that he was still so close to the insular wall himself. Magazines and persistent newspaper quotations, moreover, presented very irritating accounts of Heine's attacks on English institutions; and when his work on Germany appeared, a mighty hand thrummed so loudly that it could be heard over all England, the same chord that Kingsley struck more mildly when, in replying to a question of his daughter, he simply said: 'A bad man, my dear, a bad man.' For many years he was appreciated chiefly as a lyric-satirical poet, and as late as ten years ago his prose-works were not much known, with the exception of the 'Reisebilder.' As opposed to all the influences that have been unfavorable to an interpretation of Heine in his most serious and genuine aspects, must be mentioned the teaching of those who claim to stand in, and to speak in behalf of, the transfiguring light of the modern spirit. In fact, it is now some twenty years since Mr. Arnold wrote the famous critique on the scope and value of Heine's work and on his true place in the development of modern European literature. This view exhibits him as the successor and continuator of Goethe in what was Goethe's most important line of activity—that of a soldier in the war of the liberation of humanity, making, as he did, all his subject-matter minister to the ideas with which he was filled by living issues, and bringing all the points of humanity whereon he touched to the chiasm of the Nineteenth Century spirit.

For Heine in America—this 'frightful dungeon of freedom'—this 'coarse, gigantic reproduction of the mother-country, where the refinements of life are less developed, and where selfishness and vulgarity are more triumphant'—greater popularity has been claimed than that attained by either Goethe or Schiller; but this may well be denied. The appreciation of German authors in America is still largely dependent upon the critical decisions of English taste, and the authority of Carlyle's introductions was not less influential here than among his own countrymen. The editions of Heine's works, partial or complete, that have appeared, the labor that has been spent in translating him, the attention that has been paid him in the magazines, faintly indicate the existence of his lovers and his experts; but if he has exerted any influence upon American literature, it has most probably been as a poet, and even thus, so indirectly as to escape detection. It is significant to know that the memoirs

published in the *Gartenlaube* were offered to American publishers before they found a European purchaser, and it is not less interesting to note the hesitancy felt by publishers in bringing out an American translation. Far, very far from the spirit of Heine's poetry seem to be the influences that are inspiring younger American writers. Frightful to him was the whole metrical art of the French; and certain forms of French versification are ever finding greater favor with them. Odious to him was the definition of poetry as 'l'art de peindre par les images'; and how largely with them does the entire system of expression tend toward the ornate, delicate, picturesque paraphrase. Senseless to him was the principle that the beauty of a poem lies in a victory over metrical difficulties; and how supreme a test of a work of art with them has become the arrangement of the poetic drapery, albeit the form beneath the folds has a wooden leg!

JAMES LANE ALLEN.

Reviews

"Manners and Social Usages."*

THE desirability of manners no one will deny. Etiquette, after all, is sublimated kindness—a social law compelling you to be polite where nature does not prompt you to be attentive. Nothing unkind in itself could ever become such a social law, the only danger of exquisite etiquette—the hollowiness of society so much regretted by Mrs. Skewton—being that it shall become too kind to the extent of being hypocritical. Even what seems at first the cold-blooded etiquette that permits you to send a card by post, or leave one at the door, is intended, not so much to imply that you need not make a personal call as to insist that you shall do *something* to acknowledge the existence of the individual or the invitation. So grateful is grace of manner to the heart as well as to the eye, that poor Leah of Mr. Fawcett's 'Tinkling Cymbals' touched upon what ought to be a social truth, when she confessed in bitterness of heart, 'The mistake I made was in supposing that perfect manners meant perfect morals.' Ignorance of the world is a far more pregnant source of trouble than knowledge of the world; a fact long ago expressed by the author of 'Charles Auchester,' when she wrote: 'Innocence is incompatible with wisdom, though purity from wisdom never separates; to know no evil is to know nothing that can be of service to others in this evil world.' How desirable it is to acquire that knowledge of the world which comes through knowledge of society, and which teaches one to be kinder to others as well as to acquire for one's self the comfort of self-possession, Mrs. Sherwood has herself admirably shown in a paragraph of her new book: 'People who are looking on at society from a distance must remember that women of the world are not always worldly women. They forget that brilliancy in society may be accompanied by the best heart and the sternest principle. The best people of the world are those who know the world best. They recognize the fact that this world should be known, and served, and treated with as much respect and sincerity as that other world, which is to be our reward for having conquered the one in which we live now.'

No matter how much our young people may rebel against mastering the 'manners and social usages' of society, no matter how much higher the individual taste may seem that prompts them to seclusion for literary, or artistic, or musical education, they are not to be indulged in forgetfulness of the 'world.' If they are, the time will come when they themselves will be the first to rebuke us, like the awkward young student in one of Dr. Holland's tales, who, falling in love with a brilliant society girl whom he did not in the least know how to entertain, asked his mother indignantly, 'O mother, why didn't you have me go to dancing-school?' 'Why, my son,' was the poor harassed mother's reply, 'I did everything I possibly could to persuade you to go!'

'Yes, mother, I know it; but why didn't you make me go?' Whether books on manners are desirable, however, may seem questionable. Those who have good manners do not need a book, and those who have not will find it hard to acquire them from a book. 'What John needs,' said Sidney Smith of a bashful young man, 'is indiscretion.' That grateful unconsciousness of self which is the first requisite of self-possession, can hardly be acquired by poring over details of information. But on second thought one discovers a really wide mission for a book on such matters judiciously prepared. Even one 'well up' in the social scale may be glad of a hint, in case of a new fashion such as afternoon teas, whether it is expected of one to call after the tea; or whether in calling upon a friend visiting a stranger it is proper to inquire for the stranger; or whether, noting that naval officers and professors have a habit of addressing each other as 'Mr.', it is proper to introduce them as 'Mr.;' while it has been found by the experience of the editors of *Harper's Bazar* that an immense class of *nouveaux riches*, or of those who, if not yet rich, are a little richer than they were last year, apply for knowledge of the proper thing to be done in the very simplest circumstances. Mrs. Sherwood's book is nominally prepared largely for this latter class, although the greater part of the instruction is for dinners of such elegance and social obligations of such magnitude, as to imply that those thirsting for the information have leaped suddenly from poverty to Vanderbiltism.

Granting, then, a call for such a book, we should have known Mrs. Sherwood to be just the one to prepare it, if only from her treatment of social obligations in her story of 'The Transplanted Rose,' where the generous kindness of several women of the world is of the kind that would not have known how to be kind, with the best intentions in the world, except for knowledge of etiquette and manners. It is to be remembered that our young people—by whom we mean those young in society as well as those young in years—need to know what is 'the thing,' less that they may do the right thing, than that they may have that comfort of thinking they are doing the right thing,—which is the surest guarantee that they will do it. The agony of the social novice is something terrible, and if one has lessened the suffering of a single youthful soul by so little as telling which glass on the table is meant for hock, the service is an honorable one. Mrs. Sherwood has prepared her book with taste and judgment. She has tried to help all of us, from those who are 'dying to know' what the English do, to those who inquire of *Harper's Bazar* whether it is really bad form to eat with one's knife. She has shown herself equally free from the snobbishness that demands the extreme of 'social usages,' and the snobbishness that would refuse to answer the perplexed questions of the *Bazar* correspondents. Her condescension, indeed, to the latter class sometimes seems unnecessarily extreme; as when she tells them, in regard to the management of a wedding, that the 'bridegroom may make what presents he pleases to the bride,' that 'the father, mother and intimate friends of the bride' usually kiss her as she leaves the house after the wedding, that the manner of presenting the engagement ring 'may' be a secret between the young couple, and that it is perfectly proper for a bride to wear her wedding-dress to dinners during the year after her wedding, 'provided she divests herself of the veil and orange-blossoms.' Here we close our eyes in a delicious effort to materialize the vision of a bride of six-months' standing who should enter at a dinner-party in her bridal robe with the veil and orange-blossoms. On the other hand, there is an occasional insistence on forms of extreme etiquette which, coming from so sensible a source, is equally surprising. Thus we are told that husbands and wives rarely call together nowadays, 'although there is no law against their doing so.' It is insisted upon with a degree of decision in singular contrast with the general latitude of instruction, that of course no one, under any circumstances whatever, will think of introducing two peo-

* *Manners and Social Usages*. By Mrs. John Sherwood. \$1. New York: Harper & Brothers.

ple who live in the same town, and that, equally of course, no lady with the slightest self-respect will allow such a thing on her table as a napkin-ring—dread symbol of napkins used a second time without washing! But as a rule the information is wise, kindly and helpful; written from the standpoint that a fine-tempered woman can always find etiquette for being agreeable, and that a disagreeable woman can never find etiquette for being rude, or even formal and chilling. If our young men can learn from a book that in taking off their hats to a lady they are to bow their heads and not their *chapeaux*, and if our young girls can take the hint that the young men are so indifferent to their charms in the ball-room because so many of them come without *chaperons* and there is no one to whom the young men can take them back after a reasonable length of dance or promenade—by all means let us have the books. Only why does Mrs. Sherwood personify all elegance and social wisdom as 'Mrs. Well-Known Uptown,' and all awkwardness and social ignorance as 'Miss Kansas?' We should enjoy taking Mrs. Sherwood to a little knot of homes in central Kansas, in one of which a prominent New York artist—Mr. Very Well-Known Uptown—said last year in the shooting season, as he leaned back in his luxurious chair and gazed through a vista of *portières* and be-rugged hall into a dining-room glittering with silver and glass: 'No, I am not taking back any "interiors." If I want a Kansas interior at any time, you know, I can run up the steps of any Fifth Avenue house and get a few points. No one will know the difference.'

A Child's History of England.*

WE DISTRUST a History of England, which is announced as written for 'Little Arthur.' We distrust it still more when the author, Lady Callcott, states that it was written 'for a real little Arthur,' and that she has tried to write it just as she would tell it. And as we read, distrust ripens into disapproval.

It is the fashion to reduce everything to the childish comprehension. Art, science, mathematics, language, classic literature, all are 'simplified' with more or less desirable results; but you cannot simplify a fact, and that series of facts colored by interpretation which is known as history, which it is almost impossible for the wisest to keep free from prejudice, cannot be 'simplified' without simplifying the coloring of interpretation, which results in prejudice. The individual mother or friend who writes for the individual child will instinctively color deeds, motives and great movements, like a mother of our acquaintance who never lets her children read an English history till she has satisfied herself that it upholds the conduct of Charles I. The child who cannot understand a fact unless it is conveyed to him in this wise, 'Now, my dear little Arthur, you must know that the kings in those days were not all very good men,' and who needs to be told, 'There is a city called Rome a good way from England, and the people belonging to it are called Romans,' should postpone the study of history and run after daisies a little longer. Moreover, the dear little Arthur himself will be the first to perceive and to resent the fact that he has been 'written down to.' At the same time, he requires definite statement: in the bright lexicon of youth there is no such word as 'possibly.' Of course, the king either did or did not do that thing; it is your business to know exactly what he did or did not, if you are going to instruct Master Arthur. Hence the most impartial historian for youth will find himself driven to state the case of Mary Queen of Scots for instance—one of those cases requiring in the highest degree that weighing of evidence and consideration of circumstances which a child cannot endure—with much of the baldness, and more or less of the convenient dispatch, with which Lady Callcott states it.

We turn with interest to the American Revolution, where

the simplification becomes delicious. Lady Callcott admires the Georges quite as much as our other English friend admired Charles I. George III. she considers 'one of the best men that ever was a king,' and it is evident when she states that 'in his reign more things, useful to all men, were found out than in hundreds of years before,' that she ascribes that fact to some occult wisdom of the monarch himself. She is generous in her opinion of George Washington, but thinks that 'as he and his soldiers were fighting in their own land for their own freedom, and for their wives and children, it was not wonderful that at last they beat out the English soldiers, who did not like to be sent so far from home to fight against men who spoke the same language with themselves (!)' How was it with the Hessians? We are told that peace was finally declared by this good King George, when he 'found the people were tired of this long war.' It will have to be a very youthful, dear little Arthur indeed, who can be made to swallow the statement that a king declared peace which cost him thirteen colonies because he was tired of fighting! The Sepoy rebellion is dismissed with the brief statement that the 'supposed grievance' of the Sepoys was a mere matter of cartridges, in regard to which they got up a most horrible mutiny against the good, kind English government. But we are told that the English were 'not daunted' and soon put the rebellion down, though it is not stated by what methods. The only punishment which the naughty Sepoys suffered apparently was that the chief of the mutineers, one Nana Sahib, 'disappeared' and is 'supposed to have been slain.' After this we are not surprised to find the Irish question settled with the information that it is 'foolish and wicked' for the Irish to want a government of their own.

Just after chronicling the terrible Irish famine, when, as she herself states, 'thousands and thousands died of starvation and disease,' the Irish rebellion, the siege of cholera, and the great distress in Lancashire during the cotton troubles, Lady Callcott continues with increasing intensity, 'But of all the sad events of this reign, the one which has been longest and most deeply felt is the death of the Prince Consort.' Notice the beauty of the 'but'; and observe the loyalty with which Lady Callcott brings to a climax her English History from Egbert down, with a touching and solemn allusion to that severe illness of the Prince of Wales, which almost cost the nation his valuable life, and delighted the hearts of subjects by proving that his mother and wife and brothers and sisters actually loved him! This may be loyalty; but they will be very loyal Irish who will accept the death of 'thousands and thousands from starvation and disease,' as, after all, less mournful than the death of the Prince Consort.

Against the Agnostics.*

A FUND in connection with the General Theological Seminary of the Protestant Episcopal Church provides for a course of lectures in defence of Christianity, known as the Bishop Paddock Lectureship. This course of lectures for the year 1883 was given by the Professor of Moral and Intellectual Philosophy in Cornell University, his subject being the foundations of religious belief. These lectures as now published are able, scholarly, judicious in tone and wise in treatment. The line of defence taken is a strong one, and it is maintained in a manner worthy of the subject. In the first lecture the objective and subjective methods of treating the evidences of Christianity are stated and described, and the preference is given to the latter. Then follow lectures on the physical, metaphysical and logical objections. The three concluding lectures are devoted to the attributes and personality of God, miracles and inspiration, providence and moral government. As will be seen by these topics, the volume considers the whole round of

* Little Arthur's History of England. By Lady Callcott. \$1.25. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

* The Foundations of Religious Belief. The Methods of Natural Theology Vindicated against Modern Objections. By Rev. W. D. Wilson, D.D. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

recent criticism against Christianity and religion, and it gives special attention to evolution and the arguments from agnosticism. In the second lecture it is very clearly shown that evolution implies a God, and that it even gives new and stronger arguments than ever before for Theism. Evolution is accepted as a true theory of the method of nature, but as implying an Originating Cause. The third lecture is devoted to the question of mind in man. The author brings strong arguments to prove that the soul or mind is a distinct entity. One of his arguments is based on some very interesting experiments made at Cornell University by Professor Garver. In trying to measure the rapidity of nerve-movement an experiment was tried of having a patient raise the finger of his right hand as soon as he felt a touch on the toe of his left foot. It was found that there was no uniformity in the result. The nerve report to the brain had to be taken up as a mental process and sent out again through the hand as a nerve process. 'Here, then,' says the author, 'is proof demonstrative and unanswerable, that there is something in the brain that acts in a totally different way and in accordance with a law that is totally different from that in which the nerve centres in the body act. Here is something that is capable of self-control; that can take time to think, can pause, and think twice before it acts, and then act or not, as it determines to do so; something that can resist and withstand impulses, and can act, too, without any impulse that originates from any source except what is within itself.' In the sixth lecture the question of miracle is earnestly dealt with, the author maintaining that there is an incoming of supernatural power at the creation, at the origin of life, of species, and of man. The volume is one of the best of the many works of the kind, based on a thorough acquaintance with the problems discussed, and making none of those glaring concessions which some apologists resort to at the present time.

Björnson's "Magnhild."*

THE most ardent admirer of Björnson's work would not probably claim that it is always charming; but in 'Magnhild,' the element of charm is conspicuous. Neither the object of the story, nor the story itself, is very clear; but one reads on delightedly, scarcely conscious why one is pleased, except for the beautiful setting of the story in the Norwegian landscape, and for an amused sense of the element of passion—supposed to run like a dark and deadly undercurrent to the tale, but in reality affecting one's imagination harmlessly as heat lightning playing upon marble. It is as if Björnson felt the popular demand for passion rather than love, but knew as little how to treat it as a great Newfoundland dog would know what to do with a bouquet of hothouse flowers. None of the characters, if we except Rønnaug, is well or definitely drawn: Magnhild herself is very vague and faint, the story ending abruptly with the departure for America, which evidently means the real beginning of her best life. It is impossible to realize that the charming Fru Bang is really very naughty; and were it not for the author's assertion that Skarlie was a villain from whom Magnhild did well to separate, we should take him merely for a good-natured though homely fellow; while Hans Tande—the elegant, the refined, the musical—who is to blame for nearly all the wrong-doing in the book, would seem to us, were it not once more for the author's assertion to the contrary, the Seraphael of 'Charles Auchester,' dipped in melting sugar to be crystalized, and set aside in a Norwegian pantry to cool. All this, however, only serves to make the book delightful; if Skarlie and Fru Bang and Tande appeared as bad as they were, we should not care for the story, and Rønnaug is delicious; especially when she rebukes Magnhild thus: 'When I insisted upon you seeing my child, you did not even kiss it! You did not so

much as stoop to look at it; you never said a word, no, not a single word, and you have no idea how pretty it is!'

"Miss Ludington's Sister."*

'MISS LUDINGTON'S SISTER' is clever, original and refreshing. At first one is only amused by it; entertained by the very wildness of the author's conception that not only have we an immortal soul, but that each individual has several souls, although only one at a time, and that in a future world we shall come across our 'past selves'—exactly how many of them being dependent on temperament, etc. So cleverly is this put, that the reader suspects the author of genuine belief in such a doctrine, though he is held to the absurd topic by what he thinks is merely a pleased relief at finding that the 'Romance of Immortality' is not one of Mrs. Oliphant's or Miss Phelps's treatises on the brick houses and paved streets and probable beefsteaks of heaven. As the plot thickens, the believers resolve to try and see a materialized spirit of a 'past self' through the medium of a clairvoyant. The thing is done; the medium dies of heart disease during her trance, and the materialized spirit, deprived of the medium's help in getting back to the other world, finds herself materialized with a vengeance, and compelled to dwell again upon the earth she had quitted. Here the reader begins to fathom, he thinks, the author's real purpose, and amusement deepens to interest in the fanciful, of course merely fanciful, conception of confronting an old lady with her girlish self of seventeen. The situation is unique. The presentation of the idea that few punishments in heaven could exceed the pain of being brought face to face with our own aspiring youth and our consciousness of barren accomplishment is vivid and suggestive; the reader is really very much pleased indeed, when—Presto! Change! a surprise almost equal to the famous Margery Daw is sprung upon him, and he fairly revels at the close in the ingenious combination of plot with theory, and the brightest of story-telling with the vaguest of romancing. Not the least clever part of the combination is the skill of the author in not allowing us to lose our respect for the gay clairvoyant deceivers. The temptations of poverty—the real Satan of this world—and the final triumph of genuine human nature over those temptations, make the whole an appreciative and sympathetic sketch of life and love and virtue, as well as a most entertaining story.

"Our Famous Women."†

THERE is much that was worth writing in this volume and much that might better have been left unwritten. Thirty American women who have distinguished themselves in literature, music, the drama, or in public life, are here embalmed by their admirers. It is well to be appreciated by one's friends, but there are occasions when the expression of too much friendliness is injurious to its object. A number of the 'famous women' of this volume are made ridiculous by their friends. Indeed, the whole tone of the book is that of mutual admiration. The various women write about each other in terms of adulation. Mrs. Mary Clemmer is the greatest sufferer, her biographer being Miss Lilian Whiting; and Mrs. Rose Terry Cooke has had almost as sad a fate at the hands of Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford. Miss Clara Louise Kellogg, on the other hand, is written of by Mrs. Spofford in a quiet and dignified manner. In writing of Mrs. Cooke, Mrs. Spofford was probably handicapped by the fact that Mrs. Cooke was to write of her, and knowing her kindly disposition, she did not wish to be outdone in complaisance. The very liberal use which these amiable ladies make of the word 'genius' shows a disregard of its meaning which surprises us in women of literary sense. 'It is genius that informs every line that Rose Terry has ever writ-

* *Magnhild*. By Björnsterne Björnson. Translated by Rasmus B. Anderson. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

* *Miss Ludington's Sister*. A Romance of Immortality. By Edward Bellamy. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

† *Our Famous Women*. By Harriet Beecher Stowe and Others. (Sold by Subscription only.) Hartford: A. D. Worthington.

ten,' says Mrs. Spofford,—'a pure and lofty genius, that burned with a white flame in such subtle metaphysical reveries as "My Tenants" and "Did I?"' Mrs. Cooke, in her turn, calls Mrs. Spofford's clever story, 'In a Cellar,' a scintillation of genius and culture; and adds that in this sketch she 'poured out such luxury of image, such abundant and splendid epithet, such derivative stress, and such lavish color and life, that the stiff old mother-tongue seemed to have been molten and fused in some magic crucible, and turned to liquid gold and gems.' It is well that Mrs. Cooke has the last word. What could Mrs. Spofford do after this?—unless she threw some larger gems into the crucible, and poured the boiling liquid over the devoted head of her panegyrist. The biographies written by Mrs. Runkle, Mrs. and Miss Howe, Mrs. Stowe and Mrs. Stanton are free from this suffocating 'gush.' With all its faults, however, this is a useful and a readable volume, and contains a good deal of interesting information not to be found elsewhere.

Recent Fiction.

'TIP-CAT,' by the author of 'Miss Toosey's Mission' and 'Laddie' (E. & J. B. Young & Co.), is as charming, as dainty, and as touching as we should expect everything to be from a pen that has already shown itself so delicately facile and so sure to please. It has the rare charm, like 'Laddie' and 'Miss Toosey,' of leaving you with a sense that you have by no means exhausted it when you have read it; you will be sure, however often you may take it up again, to find something like the fragrance of a rose, that you had not forgotten, but that had been impossible to keep by you as you might keep the withered roses of a story dependent on its incidents. Moreover, it leaves you with that refined and exquisite sense of satisfaction with yourself which is sure to follow the consciousness that you have keenly enjoyed something which is simplicity itself. Nothing could be simpler than the material of 'Tip-Cat,' yet the art of the story is quite equal to its naturalness; the point, the finish, the exquisite yet unconscious skill with which every word tells, are lavished on the simple little tale till the rough diamond glows with the beauty of the rare gem that it is. But after all, its truest charm lies in the fact that we all know that these dear and lovable people, with a few lapses from the highest ideals, are really the people that make up the world we live in, to a far greater extent than the wretched beings whose wretchedness is the favorite topic of most story-tellers.

ALL THAT TEMPTS one even to begin a story with the unattractive title of 'Tommy Upmore' (Harper), issued in exceedingly fine print, is the fact of its being written by the author of 'Lorna Doone.' Even this fact does not sustain one for many chapters, and the conscientious critic who feels obliged to read to the bitter end feels tempted at the close to give up his calling. We have failed to discover even a single sentence in relief to the general dullness. We have understood that it was intended for a political satire, but it would be hard to say which is least discoverable, the politics or the satire, all that remains in the reader's mind being a confused mass of foolish writing about an impossible boy who could fly.

'THE MIZ-MAZE,' by nine authors, of whom Miss Yonge and Miss Peard are the only ones generally known in literature (Harper), is a sort of amiable 'Daisy Chain,' with a few more people, considerably older, than figured in that harmless romance, and with a gentle attempt at the very gentlest of mysteries, which is of course unravelled, so that they all live happily ever after. It is in the form of letters—always more or less of a literary mistake, and certain to be one where so many different people, twenty at least, write and receive the letters. It can be made entertaining to give the same topic from widely differing points of view; but in this case the point of view is very much the same on all sides, and the poor topic—always the simplest of domestic details

made weaker by the attempt at a mystery—is turned over and over till there certainly would be nothing left of it in the end if there had been anything in the beginning. The idea of having nine authors was to avoid the complaint against most literary letters that they all read as if written by the same person. We do not discover, however, any great gain in originality, if we except the fact that the letters of Madame Marini betray a delicate power of description better than anything else in the book, and very suggestive of Miss Peard's well-known success in that line.

Minor Notices.

'AT HOME IN ITALY,' by Mrs. E. D. R. Bianciardi (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), has not been prepared, the author tells us, for those who go abroad either with unlimited purses or indefinite aims; such, she is sure, had better at once seek those grand hotels briefly described by natives as sought only by 'kings and Americans.' It seems as if a great deal in the book must have been written a great while ago, though only recently published. The author's lament, for instance, that the system of 'flats' does not seem to 'take' in New York, and her kind explanation of what a flat is, really savor of a time long since passed away, and a good deal more of the information is entirely superfluous to such a nation of travellers and readers as the American people. Next to the exasperation of Mr. James's occasional suggestions that we don't all behave very well when we go to Europe, is the exasperation of writers who imply that we don't go to Europe at all, or that if we do, we don't go as often, or stay as long, as we should. It is always possible for a new writer to tell us something that we don't know, even in regard to familiar things, and Mrs. Bianciardi gives some pleasant personal anecdote and story; but she is one of those so devoted to the mere picturesque of Europe to contemplate 'with a shudder' the thought of there ever being such a thing as 'a Phillips Brooks church' in Venice, and the atmosphere of her book not unfrequently impresses us as the kindness of a collegian affected a friend of ours who had paused in the college yard at Harvard and asked which was the Matthews dormitory. Such a flow of information was poured out as to which was 'Hollis' and which 'Holworthy,' that she had to stop him with 'Please don't tell me where the Cambridge post-office is: I lived here twenty-seven years, and have only been away three.'

'PICTURES OF LIFE in Camp and Field,' by Benjamin F. Taylor (S. C. Griggs & Co.), is a compilation in book-form of letters written from the front during the War, to the *Chicago Evening Journal*. They are vivid, interesting and valuable; the kind of literature that is needed to keep alive the memory—not of our heroes whose fame is secure—but of our heroes' heroism, which took almost as many forms as there were individuals. It is a book that preserves nothing of the bitterness that caused the War, but on the contrary illustrates much of the brotherly feeling between Federals and Confederates that was known to show itself even between whole regiments, and the style is one of a vivid picturesqueness and skill in descriptive epithet that stirs the blood with an enthusiasm delightful to feel.

'TO MEXICO BY PALACE CAR,' by James W. Steele (Jansen, McClurg & Co.), is an attractive little pamphlet intended as a brief compendium of hints for the tourist meditating such a journey, and well calculated to stir the latent enthusiasm of such as have not yet grasped the fact that palace-cars have placed a most interesting country within easy reach. It is to be remembered that Mexico has the double advantage of being well worth seeing, and of not being yet one of the 'show countries,' over-run with tourists, couriers and dealers accustomed to the readiness of people from the States to pay exorbitant prices. Mr. Steele states that it is just as well to start without any definite intention of reforming the country.

Shall We Have a Press Censorship?

IT IS TO BE FEARED that Americans, in their desire to protect their rights often run to the extreme of mistaking license for liberty. In nothing, perhaps, is this more true than in regard to the liberty of the press. The constitutional guarantee of freedom of speech and of the press is often used as a shield for the protection of persons who clearly have no right to invoke its aid; and when any proposition is made to hold the proprietors of journals to a strict accountability for publications which offend against public morals, a cry is raised, which gains the public sympathy, that this is an attempt to trample on the greatest right of a republic—the liberty of the press; and, as a consequence, many guilty ones ply their callings undisturbed, though they transgress the law at every step. It is not intended, here, to deny the truth of the trite saying, that the freedom of the press is the bulwark of liberty, but it is desired to show that the license of the same is the high road to immorality, and that an enforcement of the laws against publishers is no more an interference with the liberty of the press, than the arrest of a man for carrying concealed weapons is an infringement of the constitutional guarantee of the right of a man to carry arms in defence of himself and the state.

No one will deny that of late years there has come into existence a large number of journals which depend for their success upon catering to the baser appetites of the mind. Many of these, as their names indicate, are intended for youth, of both sexes, and have for the heroes of their stories young desperadoes of various kinds, whose doings and sayings, if in real life, would stamp them as criminals of the worst kind. Other publications, under the pretence of relating the incidents of police life, contain, for the most part, obscene pictures of various kinds, together with tales of brutality, horror and filth. The circulation of these journals is not local, but extends over the whole of the United States, and their injurious influence on youthful as well as adult minds cannot be overestimated. In large cities one cannot pass a news-stand but he sees a gaping crowd about the boards on which are exhibited papers containing pictures of a most immoral character. So common has this become that it ceases to attract attention even from those who look upon such exhibitions with disgust and would fain see them abolished. Obscene books and pamphlets, also, some of them translations of works which even Parisians have proscribed, are sold at every newsstand, and no effort made to prevent their circulation. Even those who are not students of political economy will admit that nothing tends more to the demoralization of society than a looseness of morals in regard to the social evil, yet here we have, constantly at work, a machinery which is far-reaching in its effects. That its injurious influence is great and widespread the records of our criminal courts bear witness, not a day passing that some one is not brought to trial whose evil acts can be directly traced to the influence of bad literature. How many more, then, must be affected by the taint, whom the public never hear of.

A perfect remedy for this state of things is doubtless difficult to attain, but under the present system nothing is done to cure the evil. Obscenity, it is true, is an offence at common-law, and there are in existence, in many States, laws making it a criminal offence to print or circulate pictures of an obscene character; but one seldom hears of prosecutions under these acts. It is much to be regretted that the Legislatures have not enacted some specific laws directed against immoral writings as well as pictures, making them sufficiently stringent to include every one publishing works of an immoral nature. But few of the States have strict laws on the subject. New York, indeed, has very lately passed statutes directly prohibiting the circulation of journals containing pictures of alleged police-news such as have been spoken of, but it remains to be seen whether they will be enforced to any greater extent than the general laws on the subject have been in the past. The remedy for the evil

should be, in the first place, the enactment of more stringent laws whenever, upon examination, those now in existence are found insufficient to hold the evil-doers. This alone would doubtless avail little unless there was some one whose duty it should be to examine publications with a view to enforcement of the laws against immorality, and, therefore, in the second place, there should be a Commissioner of Publications, either chosen by the people or appointed by the Governor of each State, whose duty it would be to overlook the press and bring to trial those violating the law, in the same manner as the Commissioner of Insurance, for example, sees that the companies do not violate the insurance laws.

Novel as this doctrine may seem, here, it has in it nothing un-republican. The constitutional guarantee was inserted to prevent previous restraint, but it is not proposed that such Commissioner shall have any arbitrary power given him, either of preventing or confiscating publications, but that he shall act as a censor merely to the extent of bringing to the notice of the regularly constituted authorities and tribunals those who, in his view, are using the press unlawfully. There could be in this no interference with the free discussion of every topic of interest or value to the public, and the utmost freedom of opinion would necessarily be allowed. In matters of this kind, where no one is more aggrieved than another, the people themselves cannot be depended on to lose their time in the prosecution of offenders, and district-attorneys usually find enough to occupy them in other matters, and cannot, indeed, proceed unless some one will furnish evidence on which a conviction can be had. The particular duty of the Commissioner of Publications would be to furnish such evidence and aid the district-attorneys in the prosecution of offenders.

Such a plan is practical, and could be easily put into operation. The objections which can be urged against it are unimportant. No one could have the smallest right taken away save after an impartial trial by his peers; and it is to be hoped that such a system would effectually prevent that flood of impurity which is now doing so much to debase society and lower the moral standard of the nation.

S. W. COOPER.

The Lounger

FROM a correspondent comes a small list of names of American writers for the English press to prove that American authors are not despised by English editors. There is Bronson Howard, who writes for *The Pall Mall Gazette*; W. J. Stillman, who went to Greece for *The Times*; F. D. Millet and the late Mr. MacGahan, war-correspondents of *The Daily News*; Henry M. Stanley of *The Telegraph*; Charles G. Leland and Brander Matthews, regular contributors to *The Saturday Review*; and Richard Grant White, correspondent of *The Spectator* during the Civil War. Miss Kate Field used to have charge of a department in *Truth*, and had been before that the New York correspondent of *The Athenaeum*. Bret Harte, Julian Hawthorne and Henry James have written stories and serials for English magazines; and no doubt there are others whose names do not occur to me at this moment; but this goodly array shows that there are London editors who think that some Americans can at least write English.

LATELY I have somewhere seen announcement to the effect that a 'guide-book to haunted houses' is to be published in London. While admitting that the idea of such a work could have occurred to none but genius, it still seems a little strange that in the multiplication of viatic literature—guide-books to all imaginable 'points of interest' on the globe—there should never have been published a traveller's *vade-mecum* to ghost-land. It might be well to inquire whether the promised guide-book is indicative of a special revival of interest in spectres, or of a decadence in their popularity. There was a time when printed, official instructions would have been needless, every neighborhood blessed with a haunted house being able to give the visitor explicit oral direction thither. The mention of guide-books suggests the vermilion livery of Galignani's; but the book in question should have covers of deepest cerulean enlivened with phosphorescent illuminations, and the legend upon the title-page should be the oft-quoted summons of Hecate. The work should

contain polyglot versions of all the principal styles of incantation whereby ghostly presences are invoked, since otherwise the curious tourist may continue visiting haunted houses, without ever meeting the 'ha'nts.'

LORD TENNYSON'S first vote as an 'hereditary law-maker' was cast in favor of the Franchise Bill, the rejection of which by the House of Lords had imperilled the existence of that well-nigh useless body. By voting in support of this measure for the enfranchisement of 2,000,000 new citizens, the poet shows himself to be one of those statesmen

Who know the seasons, when to take
Occasion by the hand, and make
The bounds of freedom wider yet.

'The sight of Lord Tennyson going into the lobby to support as a peer the principles he defended so long ago as a poet,' says *The Pall Mall*, 'naturally excited much interest, although no surprise.'

A FRIEND, who has followed the discussion in *THE CRITIC* of Mr. Arnold's alleged want of literary tact, sends me the appended 'map of the plan of operations of the belligerents':

'I say he lacked
Literary tact.'
'Tact he had;
The truth is, he was mad.'
'No, not mad; he coolly came
To overthrow a greater name.'
'Therein you wrong him sadly;
He would have spared us gladly.'
'True; and as for tact—
That's what his audience lacked.'
'I have proved the whole thing in my article:
He has style, but of tact—not a particle!'
'Oh, my head is sorely racked!
What is, what is not, the fact?
One thing, just one thing is plain—
He'll never, no never, come back again!'

AN ERRANT New Yorker sends me two Anamite spears from Name Digne in Tonkin, captured in the first fight Col. Badens had there. 'They will show you what kind of weapons the poor miserable Anamese were armed with, and explain why the killed and wounded lists show French eleven men, Anamese 600 or 800.' These spears are eight or ten feet long, and one of them is so heavy that it would take a very strong man to carry it. The weight is in the two ends, which are of iron, the top being pointed, but not sharp. The other is lighter, and the top is a piece of sharpened iron bent in the form of a crescent. Formidable weapons would these be in a hand-to-hand encounter with an enemy similarly armed, but against repeating rifles, worse than nothing. The French, of course, had little actual fighting to do. They drove the foe 'into a corner, and then amused themselves slaughtering the poor wretches.'

Beech, Birch, Hemlock.

YON lichened trunk, a hoary wall,
Unerring law forbids to fall;
Its Doric column long has stood
To prop the arches of the wood.

Polished as glass, as granite gray,
Unwindowed to the light of day,—
A sleeping life the choppers find
To dwell within the beechen rind.

The yellow birch, infirm and old,
Ragged, and trembling with the cold,
Its gaunt limbs withered, stricken sore,
Pulls at its buried foot the more.

The melted snow-wreaths, trickling down,
Lay bare its knotty ankles brown;
Its bald top, groaning in the breeze,
Swarms thick with buds as May with bees.

An Ethiop prince in northern lands,
The low-browed, swarthy hemlock stands,
Belted with stunted growths alone,—
The frowning mountain's arctic zone.

A scornful giant, huge of girth,—
Its branches shake with sullen mirth,
When, sheltered from devouring night,
The hares crouch low in polar white!

ELAINE GOODALE.

Wordsworth's Relations to Science.*

[R. Spence Watson, in *Macmillan's Magazine*.]

IN his 'History of English Thought in the Nineteenth Century,' Mr. Leslie Stephen says that Wordsworth 'hates science, because it regards facts without the imaginative and emotional coloring.' The statement is not correct, but it expresses the belief generally held. And that this unfounded view should be the common one is scarcely surprising when we consider the way in which Wordsworth speaks of science and her votaries in the few writings known to the general reader which contain any allusion to them. For example, in 'Stanzas Suggested in a Steamboat off St. Bees' Head,' he declares that to Prowess, guided by the keen insight of the Genius of our age, 'Matter and Spirit are as one Machine.' In 'The Tables Turned,' he contrasts the sweetness of 'the lore which Nature brings' with 'our meddling intellect,' which 'mis-shapes the beauteous forms of things.' In his notes upon his poems he compares the botanical names given to the plants and flowers imported from all quarters of the globe with the touching and beautiful names of our indigenous flowers, and says, 'Trade, commerce, and manufactures, physical science, and mechanic arts, out of which so much wealth has arisen, have made our countrymen infinitely less sensible to movements of imagination and fancy than were our forefathers in their simple state of society.' He speaks of the better days when 'Art's abused inventions were unknown,' and of 'undue respect' for 'proud discoveries of the intellect.' In 'The Poet's Epitaph,' he calls the philosopher 'a fingering slave; one that would peep and botanize upon his mother's grave;' and speaks of his 'ever-dwindling soul.' The philosopher of that day is the man of science of this, as the literary and scientific societies of this day are the legitimate children of the literary and philosophical societies of ninety years ago. Wordsworth's botanical philosopher is the man of science 'whose mind is but the mind of his own eyes,' and we have it upon the authority of our poet, indorsed by common-sense, that such a one 'is a slave, the meanest we can meet.'

But we must remember that Wordsworth's life was a long one, and that he was born and educated before scientific inquiry had claimed the general acceptance which is now acknowledged to be her due. When the second edition of his 'Lyrical Ballads' was published, in the year 1800, the Linnæan Society was the only learned body in England devoted to the investigation of a single branch of physical science. The Royal Society had existed for a century and a half, but the Royal Institution did not begin its labors until that very year; the Geological Society was established in 1808; the Institute of Civil Engineers in 1818; and the Royal Astronomical Society in 1821. The greatest triumphs of steam were still in the far future. There was much scientific speculation indeed, and often of great value, but there was as yet little patient, systematic, and widespread observation. Scientific inquiry was an individual, not a general, task. It had but little hold of the popular mind. It was looked upon with suspicion, if not with dread, by the religious world, who did not see that to strive against truth in any form was to strive against their own highest ideal. Before Wordsworth died, in 1850, the world of thought had changed, and it is no discredit to him to acknowledge that his range of vision had widened. His standpoint from time to time was different; but I hope to show that it was always a reasonable one, always rather in advance of, than behind, the times; the standpoint of an honest and earnest thinker, who was indeed a poet, but none the less a close observer, and a shrewd, practical, common-sense man.

I shall not attempt to exhaust the instances of the scornful way in which Wordsworth speaks of him whose life is spent in the consideration of details, and who never rises to a general view, never sees beyond 'the mind of his own eyes.' Nor shall I take account of the quality of the poetry which I cite or quote. I confine myself simply to what bears most directly upon my theme, and pass to that slightly tedious poem, in nine books, 'The Excursion,' because in it Wordsworth treats frequently and fully of scientific inquiry and its results. We must listen to all he says in this poem on the subject, or we shall assuredly misconceive his relations to it.

* To be concluded next week.

His words are frequently those of condemnation. He speaks of 'knowledge ill begun in cold remark on outward things,' and ending 'with formal inference;' of the prying, poring, and dwindling of the men who, 'still dividing and dividing still,' would weigh the planets in the hollow of a hand; of the philosophers who prize the human soul, with its thousand faculties and twice ten thousand interests, but 'as a mirror that reflects to proud self-love her own intelligence.' He describes 'the wandering herbalist,' who casts a slight regard of transitory interest upon the lofty crags and masses of rock around him, whilst peeping anxiously about 'for some rare floweret of the hills;' and 'the fellow wanderer,' whose road and pathway may be traced by the scars his activity leaves behind:

He who with pocket-hammer smites the edge
Of luckless rock or prominent stone, disguised
In weather-stains or crusted o'er by Nature
With her first growths, detaching by the stroke
A chip or splinter—to resolve his doubts;
And, with that ready answer satisfied,
The substance classes by some barbarous name,
And hurries on; . . .

. . . and thinks himself enriched,
Wealthier, and doubtless wiser, than before!

Although Wordsworth was brought up in the pre-scientific age, he knew that the world may be wiser, and even wealthier in the wealth which perishes not in the possessing, from the labors of patient and laborious observers with the imaginative power to make their observations of worth, and never dreamed of including such amongst those whom he satirized. He expresses indeed his admiration of 'the great Newton's own ethereal self;' he describes with praise the astronomical researches of the Chaldeans, amongst whom 'the imaginative faculty was lord of observations natural;' he lauds the 'nicest observation and unrivalled skill' of the Greeks; he even points out the close connection between the higher mathematics and poetry, and tells how, 'in geometric science,' he 'found both elevation and composed delight;' and his gentle satire is aimed at those, and at those alone, 'whose mind is *but* the mind of their own eyes,' and in geology, as in other things, the tribe is unlikely to become extinct.

He says frequently and plainly that such alone *are* the men he objects to, and that he objects to them because they never rise above that which they see to that which it really is; because they place the letter above the spirit, or perhaps do not know that there is any spirit, the light in them being darkness. He is careful to explain that even minute scientific inquiry has not necessarily this soul-dwindling effect; that such result depends upon the character and capacity of the individual inquirer; that the human mole will grub into the earth wherever you may place him, and be satisfied therewith. 'Some are of opinion,' Wordsworth writes, 'that the habit of analyzing, decomposing, and anatomizing, is inevitably unfavorable to the perception of beauty. People are led into this mistake by overlooking the fact that such processes being to a certain extent within the reach of a limited intellect, we are apt to ascribe to them that insensibility of which they are in truth the effect, and not the cause. Admiration and love, to which all knowledge truly vital must tend, are felt by men of real genius in proportion as their discoveries in natural philosophy are enlarged; and the beauty in form of a plant or an animal is not made less, but more apparent, as a whole, by a more accurate insight into its constituent properties and powers. A *savant*, who is not also a poet in soul and a religionist in heart, is a feeble and unhappy creature.' But he speaks of the happiness of him who, 'directed by a meek, sincere, and humble spirit,' explores not human nature only but all natures, to the end that he may find the law that governs each, 'the constitutions, powers, and faculties,' that assign to every class of visible beings its station and its office—

Through all the mighty commonwealth of things,
Up from the creeping plant to sovereign man.

He does not hate science; he only sees clearly the errors and the dangers into which an undue appreciation of it, and a neglect of that which is outside of it, may cause its votaries to fall. He does not deny that it is an important realm of the intellect; but he does not hold it to be the most important. Take such a passage as the familiar one—

I have seen
A curious child, who dwelt upon a tract
Of inland ground, applying to his ear
The convolutions of a smooth-lipped shell,
To which, in silence hushed, his very soul
Listened intensely; and his countenance soon
Brightened with joy; for from within were heard

Murmurings, whereby the monitor expressed
Mysterious union with its native sea.
Even such a shell the universe itself
Is to the ear of faith; and there are times,
I doubt not, when to you it doth impart
Authentic tidings of invisible things;
Of ebb and flow, and ever-during power;
And central peace subsisting at the heart
Of endless agitation.

From such a passage we learn what it is which Wordsworth places far above scientific knowledge. He does not teach that poetry and science are necessarily antagonistic, but that they are different. He goes even further than this, and tells us that they should not be looked upon as enemies, but as intimate allies. True that in a note to the 'Preface to the Lyrical Ballads' he explains that 'much confusion has been introduced into criticism by the contradistinction of poetry and prose, instead of the more philosophical one of poetry and matter of fact, or science.' But this is no more than most men would readily admit. It is simply a question of more or less felicitous expression. Wordsworth holds that science will only be a 'precious visitant,' that it will only be of true worth, when the loftier teachings of poetry supplement and embrace its instruction; that the man who neglects the imaginative side of his intellect cannot truly live; and that scientific observation, which has no outlook beyond the naked object, will make man dull and inanimate, will chain him to that object as a slave, instead of supporting and guiding his mind's excursive power.

When he turns to the visible outcome of scientific research, and considers the results of the practical application of scientific discovery to the useful arts, he sees both sides of the case and states them fairly. He takes a view which is remarkable indeed for common-sense, and in it, as in the whole of his relations to science, we are struck by the unerring instinct which leads him to admire the good and eschew the evil. He tells how the little hamlets have grown into huge continuous and compact towns; how the furthest glens have been penetrated 'by stately roads, easy and bold:'

And wheresoe'er the traveller turns his steps,
He sees the barren wilderness erased,
Or disappearing; triumph that proclaims
How much the mild directness of the plough
Owes to alliance with these new-born arts!
Hence is the wide sea peopled—hence the shores
Of Britain are resorted to by ships
Freighted from every climate of the world
With the world's choicest produce. Hence that sum
Of keels that rest within her crowded ports,
Or ride at anchor in her sounds and bays;
That animating spectacle of sails
That, through her inland regions, to and fro
Pass with the respirations of the tide,
Perpetual, multitudinous!

He is writing before beneficent legislation began to root out that infant slavery in England under which mere babies worked twice the hours which grown men will now consent to labor, and at tasks of the most fatiguing and degrading kind. And he looks upon both sides of the shield, and tells also of the darker aspect of the great change which has come over the land—

When soothing darkness spreads
O'er hill and vale
. . . . And the punctual stars,
While all things else are gathering to their homes,
Advance, and in the firmament of heaven
Glitter—but undisturbing, undisturbed;
As if their silent company were charged
With peaceful admonitions for the heart
Of all-beholding Man, earth's thoughtful lord;
Then in full many a region, once like this,
The assured domain of calm simplicity
And pensive quiet, an unnatural light
Prepared for never-resting Labor's eyes,
Breaks from a many-windowed fabric huge;
And, at the appointed hour, a bell is heard,
Of harsher import than the curfew knoll
That spake the Norman conqueror's stern behest—
A local summons to unceasing toil!
Disgorged are now the ministers of day;
And, as they issue from the illumined pile,
A fresh band meets them at the crowded door—
And in the courts—and where the rumbling stream
That turns the multitude of dizzy wheels,
Glazes, like a troubled spirit, in its bed
Among the rocks below; men, maidens, youths,
Mother and little children, boys and girls,

Enter, and each the wonted task resumes
Within this temple, where is offered up
To Gain, the master idol of the realm,
Perpetual sacrifice.

Fully and earnestly had Wordsworth felt the miserable inequalities in the conditions of existence, the depth of sadness in the lives of too many of the working poor, and the ever-increasing number of those in our great cities, where the application of scientific discovery has been carried the furthest, 'who sit in darkness and there is no light.' Nobly does he exclaim, and his exclamation claims audience of all men now as forcibly as when it was penned—

Our life is turned
Out of her course, whenever man is made
An offering or a sacrifice, a tool
Or implement, a passive thing employed
As a brute mean, without acknowledgment
Of common right, or interest in the end ;
Used or abused, as selfishness may prompt.

Newspapers.

[Thomas Gibson Bowles in *The Fortnightly Review*.]

It is the fashion in England to declare that, of all the newspapers in the world, the English are the best. I have some knowledge of foreign newspapers, and I am bound to say that in certain particulars many of them are superior to ours. German and Russian newspapers need hardly be regarded, being, as they are, under a strict censorship, and in daily fear of their own lives and the liberty of their writers. The Spanish press is entirely without enterprise, and very trivial, excepting when it is being made use of for the furtherance of state conspiracies. The Italian press is either trivial or venal, or both ; but the French press, while inferior in the quantity and quality of its news, is far superior even to the English in respect of its comments and handling of many subjects, and especially in respect of its political leaders, some of which rise to a high level of statesmanship very rarely reached in the columns of a London newspaper. The American newspapers, again, show far greater enterprise, far greater readiness to understand and to hit the taste of the moment than the English journals. But, on the whole, and taking into account the trustworthiness of its news, the dignity (often exaggerated) of its attitude, and its entire freedom from suspicion of corruptibility by money, the English press may compare creditably with any in the world. In the search for, and the collection of news, the conductors of English newspapers have displayed very great enterprise and ability. To find out and to bring together news is not by any means so simple a matter as might be supposed. Most men do not know news when they see it ; that is to say that they learn a fact or see an event pass before their own eyes without it ever occurring to them that for the rest of mankind that fact or that event is new and unexpected, and its publication calculated to satisfy their curiosity—that, in fact, it is news.

It must not be forgotten that a newspaper is a commercial venture, and regarded in this light, our modern newspapers present some very strange anomalies. The expense of producing a daily newspaper may be divided into two heads—first, there is the cost of writing the newspaper (in which I include the payments to editor and writers and the cost of telegrams and other matters), added to which, there is the cost of composition or setting-up the writing in type. The charge under this head is a constant sum whether there be one copy printed or a million. Then comes the second head of charges, which vary with the number of the paper printed. It is composed of the cost of the paper itself on which the journal is printed, and the cost of the actual printing or 'machining' of the type already set-up. Now it is a fact, that with the utmost economy, the charge under this second head amounts for the penny newspaper of the common size to about as much as the paper itself is sold for to the trade. It follows, therefore, that while the varying charge under the second head is more or less provided for by the sale of the papers, the constant and much larger charge under the first head is not so provided for. How then is it met? Solely and exclusively by the revenue derived from advertisements. The result is this : that a newspaper lives not upon its circulation but upon its advertisements. In fact, it buys publicity for its news by selling publicity for its advertisements ; it gives away for nothing the news which it professes to sell, on condition of being paid for the advertisements which accompany it. Its real customers are not its readers but its advertisers ; the commodity it deals in is not news but attention. It buys the attention of its readers by its news and sells that attention to its advertisers for

their money. If now the cost of the paper and the machining, instead of merely equalling, should, as is sometimes the case, exceed the sum for which the paper is sold, then the best financial position for that newspaper to be in is one in which not a single copy of the newspaper should be sold at all. Of course, however, the result in this case would be that it would get no advertisements, inasmuch as the advertiser wishes to have his advertisement circulated as largely as possible ; and, as a matter of fact, the object of a newspaper proprietor in the position I have described must be to obtain the largest number of advertisements with the smallest amount of circulation. Mr. Mowbray Morris, for instance, giving evidence before a committee of the House of Commons, in 1851, as to the *Times*, was asked this question : 'The greater the circulation the greater the loss?' and answered, 'the greater the loss beyond a certain limit.' He was then asked, 'Do you not mean this, that when you have a supplement, so far as your supplement is concerned, if you only printed one copy of it, your gain would be the greatest?' To which he answered, 'Yes.' After this he was asked, 'For every copy you sell, you diminish your gain, and when you pass a certain line it becomes an absolute loss?' to which he replied, 'Just so ; that is to say when the expenditure exceeds the value of the advertisements.' Thus, it will be seen that newspapers are in reality somewhat in a false position. They profess to sell news and to give advertisements to boot. What they really do is to sell publicity for advertisements and to give news to boot.

There is besides another and a very important matter, in which the modern newspaper would seem to be in a strange situation. The proper business of a newspaper would appear to be the publication of news ; and the proper function of a newspaper editor would therefore appear to be to collect the largest possible amount of news and to print it without reserve and regard to its effect or partiality toward one effect rather than another. There is, however, in modern journalism, a prevailing feature, which, far more than is generally suspected, affects, and to a large extent defeats, its original and proper purpose. The newspaper originally, as I have already remarked, published news alone ; but in the beginning of the present century, the editor, no longer content that his paper should fulfil its purpose of publishing news, began to assume the right of professing opinions. He began not merely to tell his readers what was happening, but also to tell them what he thought and what they ought to think of what was happening. It is now over sixty years since this became general in English newspapers, and the result has been that the 'leader' has overshadowed the news in importance, and that the horn of the leader writer has been exalted while that of the newsmonger has been abased. Newspapers, indeed, are now less *news* papers than *opinion* papers. The publisher has become lost in the advocate, and at this time a public journal is regarded less an instrument for providing general information for its readers, than as an organ for promoting among them the special opinions of a political party or a social class. This being the case, the efforts of the editor have become diverted into an entirely new channel. The business of the collection of news becomes a matter of secondary importance in his eyes. It seems to him desirable rather to instruct than to inform, rather to proselytize than to instruct. He seeks to repeat forcibly the opinions of a *coterie* rather than to discover and to disclose thoroughly the events and occurrences of the world. His object is to say something rather than to tell everything. He averts his attention, therefore, from his proper business, and leaves that business to be carried on in a secondary manner, by secondary men, who often neither know what news is nor where to look for it ; and thus it happens that the reader is ill served where he should be served the best. The profession of opinions not only causes the editor to neglect the collection of news, but it prevents the honest and unreserved publication of such news as is collected. Opinions being regarded as of more importance than intelligence, the editor will occasionally suppress altogether intelligence which makes against the opinions of his newspaper, or publishing such intelligence, will so present it and with such a gloss as to diminish as much as possible its influential force. Correspondents, reporters, and all who collect information, know well what they are intended to put, and accordingly they do put a special kind of color upon their facts. Every writer in a daily journal is understood and expected to view all acts and events from the special position occupied by that journal ; and it is not too much to say that the whole staff of a newspaper is engaged in presenting things, not as they are, but as it is held by the editor on behalf of a certain class that they should be. As with news so is it with opinions for the purpose of a daily newspaper. The opinion expressed need not be

true, it is enough if it be new and plausible. Nay, for it to be true is a fatal defect, for in that case it can only be asserted once as a new thing and must henceforth be merely repeated as an old and stale thing, whereas if it be false any number of new changes may be rung upon it. Truth is one, but falsehoods are many. When an editor declares that two and two make four there is an end of his leaders on that subject; but if he points out that many thoughtful persons have held that under certain circumstances they make seventeen, and that in certain places the sound good sense of the majority has accepted them as making fifty-two, then an interminable vista of leaders is opened up, on practical as opposed to theoretical arithmetic, on circumstances, places, conditions, fitness, experiences, and what not. Thus indeed it is alone that the possibility has been realized of many daily newspapers publishing three or four leaders each every morning and no two of them saying the same thing about the same facts.

The model newspaper, in my humble opinion, should be—the newspaper of the future in my expectation will be—one that concerns itself solely with news, and the whole brain power of which is directed to the discovery and collection of news, while it will be left to others in other journals to express separately the opinions which may be formed upon the events chronicled by the newspaper proper. This function of expressing opinions is one which can hardly be fulfilled in an adequate manner by the writers in a newspaper published at so short an interval as every twenty-four hours. In trivial matters of slight importance it is easy enough to throw off at once an opinion which may be sufficient for the purpose, but in affairs of grave import, the judgment of which often requires much previous labor, the daily journalist is at great disadvantage. I may say, as Lord Beaconsfield once said in the House of Commons, 'I know what leaders are, for I have written them;' and I am convinced that serious harm may be and is done by gentlemen who, able and conscientious though they are, sit down with a telegram of serious importance which has just arrived, or with a 'Blue Book' which has just been published, and rattle off in a couple of hours what professes to be a statesmanlike judgment of the facts, and a prudent counsel as to the conduct that should be observed in dealing with them. I know, of course, the answer that will be made: that the readers of a newspaper are anxious to have provided for them every morning with their tea and toast a ready-made opinion which they may present to their friends as their own. But if it be, as I believe it is, that these opinions, given thus hurriedly, must necessarily, in the majority of cases, be imperfect, insufficiently unfounded and untrustworthy, a newspaper reader would be far better off were he left himself to digest his news, to form, if any conclusion must be hastily formed, his own hasty conclusion, and to wait for a more valuable judgment at some longer interval of time.

These criticisms are those which have been suggested by a certain experience of the press; and they are presented merely as suggestions for those who make of the press a more serious business than I have done. I offer them, because I believe that to the Press belongs, in a large measure, the future of the world, if it will but prove itself equal to its mission. There was a time when it was believed that the writing of the Press was produced by venal starvelings writing shamefully for existence in remote garrets, and when it was held disgraceful to be convicted of any connection with journalism. That time is now past, and the fact is recognized that there are men speaking to their fellow-countrymen in the press who have things to the full as true and important to say, and as good a right to be heard in saying them, as any of those who command the applause of listening senates. That also is recognized which long was sought to be disputed: that the Press is now a great power in the nation. Formerly, public matters were treated exclusively by experts; now everybody assumes to deal with them, to criticise them, and to express an opinion upon them. The number of people, indeed, whose duty is to come to a conclusion on these matters has greatly increased, since by the extension of the suffrage the number of those is increased who have a direct voice in moulding the destinies of the nation; of these, it cannot be denied that a large proportion are ignorant and without judgment; and this it is which makes the power of the press the greater, because the readers of the press, feeling, as they do, bound to act while they also feel that they are unable to judge, have no alternative but to adopt with avidity any superficial judgment or conclusion presented to them by their daily teacher. Very great indeed is the power of the press; yet in its exercise it is limited. No journal nor any number of journals can withstand a popular cry when once it has been raised; but any journal, before it has been raised, may help to create it, or, after it has been raised, may assist to swell it. Not only leader writers but foreign cor-

respondents, reporters, and penny-a-liners, have an enormous power of previous instruction in any matter, and an almost unlimited power of subsequent exaggeration of that matter, and this has sufficed to make of the modern newspaper one of the most potent of all possible agencies for good or for evil.

This power of the Press is, in our own country, the youngest of all the powers. It is far younger than Parliament, younger than parties and party-government, younger than cabinets; yet Parliament, parties, and cabinets have to count with it. Were the Press not strangely divided against itself, not only by natural commercial rivalry but also by unnatural and incomprehensible petty jealousies, Parliament, parties, and cabinets together might well tremble before it; but such as it is, and such as it is granted to be, it is one of the most potent and pregnant forces now found in the kingdom. Yet, according to our English custom, we are still disposed to deny not only its importance but also its very existence. Just as we know that thirteen gentlemen, who form the cabinet, decide upon our destinies, trace out our future, make peace and declare war, while we ascribe their acts to the Sovereign acting by and with the advice of that Privy Council which is never assembled; just as we know that party organization, finding its expression in party votes, decides whether these thirteen gentlemen shall retain their posts or another thirteen be put in their place, while we yet ascribe the decision to the collective wisdom of the fittest and properest persons in the country; just so there are policies adopted, acts done and forborne and appointments made, in pure and simple obedience to the behests of that Press, which, nevertheless, has up to this moment no recognized place in the British Empire. In every other department of human activity due, and occasionally undue, recognition has been given to those who by their talents have raised themselves above their fellows; but the Press has never yet been officially recognized. Beer and banking, riches, romance, and poetry, have been ennobled; baronetries have been showered upon lord mayors, sheriffs, and doctors, and music-masters have been knighted, but never yet has the fountain of honor flowed even for the ablest, most enterprising, and most successful of those who have organized with so much success the daily brains of the nation. There are men among them who can challenge comparison, either for personal qualities and attainments, or for personal position in the country, with any brewer or banker ever raised to the House of Lords; but they only represent brains, and brains, though unofficially courted, secretly coaxed, and sometimes abjectly entreated in private, are not yet officially recognized in public as an existing force in the daily life of Great Britain. It may be that the time will come when this also will be changed. If so, it will be well. Meantime, the newspaper Press has no great cause to be ashamed of the part it has played in the past, while it has the greatest cause to look forward with confidence, yet with a deeper sense of responsibility, to the part it may, if it will, play in the future.

Current Criticism

WANING ÆSTHETICISM:—The wave of popular decorative art has broken over us and receded. With it have gone the sticks and straws of incompetency. Away floats many a fond illusion of whilom artists, who have reluctantly lived to see their blurred ideals piled high on the cupboard shelf, or bestowed upon the married maid-servant intending housekeeping. Torn from the pedestal where so long it stood upon one weary leg, the immortal stork has gone down the stream in company with sun-flowers and apple-blossoms in every stage of experimental presentment. In plain words, the decorative 'craze' has had its day. Amateurs no longer creep in where artists dare not tread. The legitimate adorners of our homes breathe a long sigh of relief. The field is theirs. What happily remain with us of the stimulating period just passed are a more enlightened taste in all these matters, and a more impartial understanding of æsthetic law.—*Mrs. Burton Harrison, in Harper's Monthly.*

POE A PARISIAN:—Poe was, in many respects, a Parisian. He was born to live in the environment of an old civilization. He was at home not in the 'forest primeval,' 'mid log huts and uncouth backwoodsmen, but in the Café de la Régence, discussing poetry and sipping chartreuse in the pauses of a game of chess. He would have felt himself happier, I doubt not, in Paris than he did in the New York, Philadelphia, Boston of forty years ago. The fair city on the Seine, with its long boulevards, its graceful bridges, its churches, and Notre Dame supreme among all, its historic associations, its gay throngs under sunlight or gaslight, would have been the fit dwelling site for a man

who, like Poe, had the artistic temperament and with polished pen knew so well how to put his impressions on paper. But, though in his lifetime Edgar Allan Poe was destined not to dwell in a city that would have been so congenial to him, he lives there to-day. His name has become proverbial for whatever is extraordinary in literature, as is indicated by a phrase you 'catch now and then in Paris—as 'C'est un Poe,' or by the recent allusion Aurelien Scholl made to the artist Willette as the 'Edgar Poe du dessin.' Theophile Gautier, in his biographical sketch of Charles Baudelaire, devotes several pages to a consideration of the American author who, as he affirms, certainly influenced his French translator. Gustave Dore has done for the 'Raven' what he did for the 'Commedia' of Dante and the 'Paradise Lost' of Milton, and now the news comes across the sea that 'tout Paris,' which witnessed a dramatization of the 'Contes d'Hoffmann,' is shortly to witness a dramatization of the 'Contes d'Edgar Poe.'—*Lewis Rosenthal, in The Manhattan.*

SHAKESPEARE A MAN OF SUCCESS:—A careful consideration of what we know about Shakespeare the man leads to the conclusion that he was one of those who play to win;—always, the game of life or any other game. Success, the getting and keeping of his own, were the ends he kept constantly in view. To this he brought an unequalled knowledge of men and things, and an ability in affairs which (considering the limited field of his action in this respect) seems to have been not inferior to his other personal gifts. He presents to us the strange and admirable union of a good manager and a great poet, an economist and a writer of fiction, a player and a man of thrift. Like many other men,—can we not say like most other men?—vastly his inferiors, he had two natures: Shakespeare the poet was one man; Shakespeare outside the realm of poetry was another man. The two orbits in which his dual nature revolved did not overlap; they did not even touch. Unlike and far above all the rest of the world in some things, in this he was like many of the humblest of his worshippers.—*R. G. White, in The Atlantic.*

ARCHÆOLOGICAL FINDS IN GREECE:—There is something so unpractical in the Greek laws on the subject of excavation and exportation of antique objects, that it is to be hoped that the shrewd common-sense of the people will ere long see their impolicy. Excavation without permission from the Government, even on one's own land, is punishable, and the Government practically confiscates the find when the finders are feeble, and levies a tax of half the value when they are not. Everything, therefore, is done in secret, and exportation by contraband is the only possible manner of profiting by one's good fortune. The peasant who finds an antique site carefully conceals it; and the objects he finds, instead of enabling the archæologist to classify the antiquities by reference to their provenance, are sold to some one who removes them from the country, and so all clew is lost to their true archæological position.—*W. J. Stillman, in The Century.*

Notes

THE frontispiece of the September *Harper's* will be 'An Ideal Head,' engraved by Closson from a painting by the late George Fuller. Mr. F. D. Millet has written a biographical sketch of Fuller for this number. Another interesting biographical sketch will be of Charles Reade, by Robert Buchanan, illustrated with a portrait of the novelist from the painting bequeathed by him to the Messrs. Harper.

To Mr. Grant White the word 'business,' 'as the common shield of all abomination, has become the most loathsome word in the English language.'

From J. W. Bouton we have received *The Antiquarian, The Bibliographer* and *The Portfolio* for July. The last is made especially interesting by a paper 'On Some Drawings by Turner,' by Cosmo Monkhouse, illustrated with a number of Turner's outline drawings and a fine full-page fac-simile from a sepia sketch of a 'Landscape with Huntsmen.' There is a freshness about this number that we have not noticed in *The Portfolio* of late.

Mr. R. Worthington has published an edition of George Eliot's essays.

A vellum manuscript of the Fifteenth Century, being a chronicle of the early history of Normandy, has just been sold in London for £980. The minute delicacy of the miniatures painted in this volume is said to be marvellous. Mr. Bernard Quaritch bought the book, so it will probably be resold to the British Museum or some wealthy private collector.

Mr. W. E. Norris, author of 'Matrimony,' who has spent much time in Algiers and thereabouts, contributes a short story to the current *Independent*, under the title of 'An Algerian Episode.'

Disregarding the motto of that excellent story, 'Guerndale,' Messrs. Scribner's Sons have just issued a paper-covered edition of the book, in the conviction, apparently, that in this 'last-year's nest' there is not only an egg, but a golden egg, and that it lies within their reach.

C. J. W., of Philadelphia, sends this memorandum—'Confessedly it is cruel to hunt to death such very small game; but W. S. K., at least, will pardon me. Voltaire implicitly acknowledges the origin of the *motif* of the "Macromegas" in the story itself. I refer to the passage (of which enough will bear quoting to serve the purpose) that follows: "Nos philosophes lui planterent un grand arbre dans un endroit que le docteur Swift nommerait." May we not infer that the whole idea of "Macromegas," at least apart from the mere adventitious fancy of an interstellar journey, was taken with acknowledgment from Gulliver's adventures in Brobdnag or Lilliput?'

Brentano Bros. have issued a price-catalogue of the works on chess, whist and draughts for sale at their 'emporiums' in New York, Washington and Chicago.

It is proposed to organize, under the auspices of the American Social Science Association, during its next annual session at Saratoga, September 8-12, 1884, an American Historical Association, consisting of professors, teachers, specialists and others interested in the advancement of history in this country.

An interesting outcome of Mr. Irving's visit to America is to be found in 'Henry Irving in England and America,' by Frederic Daly. (London: T. Fisher Unwin.) Mr. Daly's beautifully printed volume is not mainly devoted to Mr. Irving's American trip; that is merely an episode in it, but an amusing one. The writer devotes considerable space to controverting American criticism. He is intolerant of anything but laudation of his idol. The critics who praise Mr. Irving are 'accomplished'; those who do not admire him without reserve are 'ignorant.' There is much personal gossip about the distinguished actor, whom we are allowed to see in his off-moments, but who proves under all circumstances to be an amiable and interesting gentleman.

A lad, recently asked by one of Her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools, 'Who was Moses?' wrote: 'He was an Egyptian. He lived in a hark made of bullrushes, and he kept a golden carf, and worshipt brazen snakes, and he het nothing but quales and manner for forty years. He was kort by the air of his ed while riding under a bow of a tree and he was killed by his own son Abslon as he was hanging from the bow. His end was piece.'

Messrs. Funk & Wagnalls have opened an agency in London.

An anonymous author sends forth a booklet on 'Election by Lot the only Remedy for Political Corruption.' (Montreal: Dawson Brothers.) What he says of the evils of existing election methods is true enough, but his remedy is not one which is likely to attract many reformers. The world has outgrown the use of the lot, and it is idle to offer it to intelligent men again.

The Concord Summer School of Philosophy opened on Wednesday of this week. Its discussions will be confined to two subjects—Emerson and Immortality,—the programme being as follows: 'Emerson's View of Nature,' by Dr. W. T. Harris; 'Emerson's Religion,' by the Rev. Dr. C. A. Bartol; 'Emerson's Ethics,' by Mr. Edwin D. Mead; 'Emerson's Manners and Relation to Society,' by Mrs. Julia Ward Howe; 'Emerson as Seen from India,' by Protap Chunder Mozoomdar, of Calcutta; 'Emerson as an American,' by Julian Hawthorne; 'Emerson in the Pulpit,' by Miss Elizabeth P. Peabody; 'A French View of Emerson,' by M. René de Payen Belleisle, of Paris; 'Emerson in Boston,' by Mrs. Edna D. Cheney; 'Emerson as an Essayist,' by Mr. John Albee; 'Emerson and Thoreau,' by Mr. Walt Whitman (or, in its place, readings by Mr. H. G. O. Blake, Emerson's biographer); 'Emerson's View of Nationality,' by the Rev. G. W. Cooke; 'Emerson among the Poets,' by Mr. F. B. Sanborn; 'Emerson's Relations to Goethe and Carlyle,' by Dr. Harris; 'The Genius of Emerson,' by Mr. W. E. Channing, of Concord. The discussion on immortality will be shared by the venerable Rev. Dr. Andrew P. Peabody, of Cambridge; the Rev. Dr. Robert A. Holland, of New Orleans; Mr. John Fiske, Dr. Harris, and others. The latter's topic will be 'The Origin and Destiny of Man.' M. Belleisle will speak in his native tongue. The future of the School depends upon its success this year.

Although the work of revising the Old Testament is finished and the revisers have eaten a commemorative dinner, the result of their labors will probably not appear before April. Of the twenty-seven original members of the Committee, two have resigned and ten have died since the work was begun.

Mr. H. E. Krehbiel, the careful and clever musical critic of the *New York Tribune*, has prepared a little volume of 'Notes on the Cultivation of Choral Music and the Oratorio Society of New York,' which is published by Edward Schuberth & Co. As many an author with a congenial subject had been before him, Mr. Krehbiel was led on from his original intention—to write a sketch of the Oratorio Society—to undertake a history of all the choral societies of this city, and to give incidentally some excellent hints on choral culture. He has succeeded, by dint of intelligent research, in making a handbook that should be in the library of every musician and music-lover in the land.

William R. Jenkins has just issued in his *Théâtre Contemporain* Sardou's comedy of 'La Perle Noire,' and has in press Georges Ohnet's now famous 'Le Maître de Forges.' This will be followed in August by Adolphe Belot's clever comedy, 'Le Testament de César,' which will complete the series.

In 1871 Emerson took a trip to the Pacific coast in company with a party of ladies and gentlemen. One of his companions was Prof. J. B. Thayer, of Harvard University, who now publishes an account of the trip under the title of 'A Western Journey with Mr. Emerson.' (Boston: Little, Brown & Co.) The brief sketch is made up from letters written home on the journey, and the greater part of it is devoted to the incidents and observations noted at the time for his correspondent. A few fine sayings are recorded from Mr. Emerson, but most of them are already current among his friends. The knowledge to be gained of him is meagre indeed. The best of these sayings is about the Yosemite Valley, that it is the only place that comes up to the brag about it and exceeds it; and what he said of immortality—'In heaven we shall only be shown things once.'

According to *The Youth's Companion*, Dr. Holmes does not save his bright thoughts for print and the public, but is often as witty while chatting with one or two friends as was ever the Autocrat or Professor of the Breakfast Table. A young physician once asked him for a suitable motto. 'Small fevers gratefully received,' was the witty response. He was complaining in a comical way to a lady of the minute portion of honey that was given to him at a hotel at tea. 'A mere trifle; the work of a very young bee in an idle half hour.' 'Did they give you no comb, Doctor?' she laughingly inquired. 'Possibly one tooth, madam!'

The Magazine of Art for August comments upon the unprecedented activity displayed in the United States at the present moment, in the line of monumental art. Its 'Monthly Record of American Art' is mainly devoted to a record of the memorial statues recently unveiled—St. Gaudens's 'Captain Randall' (Sailors' Snug Harbor, Staten Island, May 30), Rafael de la Cova's absurd equestrian 'General Bolivar,' presented by Venezuela to the United States (Central Park, June 17), Warner's 'Governor Buckingham' (Hartford, Conn., June 18), Prof. John F. Weir's 'Benjamin Silliman,' the elder (Yale College, June 24). When this record was made, there were four unveilings in prospect for the current month—a Soldiers and Sailors at Buffalo (July 4), a similar monument at Monson, Mass. (July 4), the children's 'Washington,' a bronze cast of Houdon's well-known work paid for by the school-children of this city (Riverside Park, July 4), and Henry Baerer's 'Beethoven' (Central Park, July 22).

From a report of the Punjab University, it appears that the University Senate propose that the Masters of Arts shall hereafter read Shakspeare's 'Julius Caesar,' 'King Lear,' and 'As You Like It'; two books of Milton's 'Paradise Lost'; Wordsworth's 'Excursion'; Byron's 'Gaiour' and 'The Bride of Abydos'; Palgrave's 'Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics'; Bacon's Essays; Macaulay's Essays on Bacon and Milton; De Quincey's 'Caesars'; Carlyle on Heroes; Scott's 'Ivanhoe'; Lord Lytton's 'What will He Do With It?'; and Beaconsfield's 'Coningsby.' Bachelors of Arts are to read 'Hamlet'; Milton's 'Lycidas' and Sonnets; two Cantos of Byron's 'Childe Harold'; Professor Colvin's 'Selections from Walter Savage Landor'; Mark Pattison's Life of Milton; and Charles Kingsley's 'Hypatia.' Candidates for the Intermediate Examination will be expected to know Lord Tennyson's 'Enoch Arden'; Mr. Smiles's Life of George Stephenson; Professor Blackie's 'Self-Culture'; and Scott's 'Talisman.'

The Free Parliament.

[Communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

QUESTIONS.

No. 750.—Is there not a decided slip of the pen in Edgar Fawcett's contribution to the *Sunday Tribune* of July 6, where he speaks of 'this anathema maranatha?' As I have understood these words, as used in 1. Corinthians xvi., 22. 'Anathema' is 'let him be accursed' and 'Maran atha' is 'The Lord has come.'

LUXEMBURG, N. Y.

JAMES S. COOLWY.

[Life is short, and Mr. Fawcett's contributions to current fiction are so many and so long, that we must be pardoned, for not reading all of them. Judging from the quotation, however, we should say that his pen had slipped. But so, too, has his critic's. St. Paul says: 'If any man loveth not the Lord, let him be anathema. Maran atha.' Anathema means, as here used, accursed—not 'let him be accursed.' The slip, however, is a small one.]

No. 751.—Why was the large organ removed from the Boston Music Hall, and what disposition is to be made of it?

QUINCY, ILL.

M. L. IRWIN.

No. 752.—Please tell me how I can get a copy of the old-time Mother Goose. It was published, I think, by C. Francis, New York (or Boston), and a reprint appeared some twelve or fifteen years ago.

MATTOAX, AMELIA CO., VA.

JOHN B. TABB.

No. 753.—1. Who is the author, and where can I find a copy, of a poem called 'Beautiful Snow,' said to be very beautiful? 2. Who is Ben Ferley Poore? 3. Is *Milford's Microcosm* (New York: Hall & Co.) still published, and is the new doctrine *versus* Tyndall, Huxley, et al., gaining ground? 4. What is your opinion about Milford's 'Problem of Life, Here and Hereafter?'

SIoux CITY, IOWA.

T. N. S.

[1. 'Beautiful Snow' was written by a lawyer named Watson; but, being printed anonymously, was claimed by as many persons as disputed the authorship of Will Carleton's 'Betsy and Fare Out.' 2. Mr. Poore is a well-known journalist, born in Massachusetts some sixty-four years ago. He is the author of a history of 'The Rise and Fall of Louis Philippe' and of a useful record, published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., of the federal officials—legislative, executive and judicial—of the United States from 1776 to 1878—the so-called 'Political Register and Congressional Dictionary.' 3. Whether or no the *Microcosm* is still published, we cannot say; but if the 'new doctrine' depends for its acceptance upon the success of that periodical, we fear its progress will not be very rapid—particularly if its advocate be, as we suspect it is, defunct. 4. We regret that we are not in a position to offer an opinion on the subject of Milford's 'Problem of Life.' With each of us the problem is a weighty one, and it presumably bears as heavily upon Mr. Milford as upon his fellow-mortals. We have not, however, seen his solution of the mystery.]

No. 754.—In recording the death of Prof. Alpheus Spring Packard, *The Tribune* says that he was born 'on December 20, 1779, and was graduated at Bowdoin College in 1806.' Is there not a mistake somewhere in these dates? Even Dr. Thomas Parr, who lived a hundred and forty years or more, completed his schooling before he turned his hundredth year; and it does not seem likely that any one would remain at college till he was a hundred and seventeen, no matter how long he expected to live. Moreover, as it is now only 1884, the Professor cannot have graduated in 1806. Can you correct the *Tribune's* figures?

PINE HILL, ULSTER CO., N. Y.

L. W.

[Prof. Packard was born in 1799, and was consequently in his eighty-fifth year at the time of his death.]

No. 755.—A few months since a blank-book for a library catalogue price \$2 or \$2.50, was advertised in your paper. Unfortunately I have lost the advertisement. As it may interest others as well as myself, would you give the address of the publisher in your Free Parliament?

ALBERTON P. E. I., CANADA.

H. D.

[We would gladly give the address if we remembered it, but we do not.]

No. 756.—Will you do me the favor to give a short historical sketch of the Parliament which met at Merton, in the reign of Henry III., and also republish the famous Statutes of Merton enacted by that body?

CHARLOTTE, N. C.

H. M. IRWIN.

[The demands upon our space are such that we will have to refer the inquirer to the standard histories of England for the desired information.]

No. 757.—*The Literary World* of July 12, in noticing the July *Harper's* calls attention to 'three finely-illustrated articles on English topics—namely, the deaf-mute schools at Kendall Green, Harrow-on-the-Hill, and the English Beauties of the Last Century.' Is the first-named of these articles on an 'English' subject?

BOSTON, MASS.

B. C. A.

[No; it is a description and account of Kendall Green, the National Deaf-Mute College at Washington.]

No. 758.—What ancient author on frugality wrote his essays on a golden-topped table?

JACKSONVILLE, ILL.

J. H. W.